THE TWINS

and How They Entertained the New Minister

A Farce

By

Elizabeth F. Guptill

Price 10 Cents

Fuller & Meredith
NEW YORK CHICAGO

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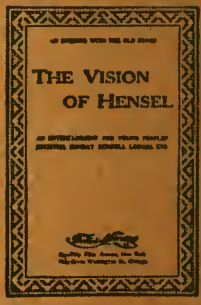

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"The Chaperon" is a humorous operetta designed for church choir and young people's societies. It will be found available in all communities in which seven young men and seven young ladies who sing, can be found. The music is bright, tuneful, easy to learn and easy to remember. The dialogue is very witty, clean, wholesome and entertaining. *Price, postpaid, 60 cents per copy*

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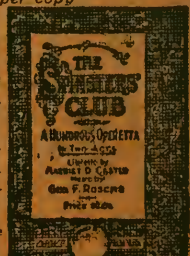
Libretto by Harriet D. Castle **Music by Geo. F. Rosche**



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By

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL

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Published by
Tullar Meredith Co.

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TMP96-006543

JUN 11 1915

The Twins and How They Entertained the New Minister

Characters

Bobby and Betty, the twins. Rev. J. Jones, the minister.

Scene

A reception room. Enter Betty and the minister.

BETTY. (With a grown-up air.) There! Sit right down, and I'll see if Mamma's in. No, not that one, that's only for show. The leg's broken, and it aint got fixed yet. Take the Morris chair. That's the one sister's beaux always sit in. There, now you're all comfy. I'll tell Mamma you're here, if she's in.

REV. J. JONES. Tell her that I am making pastoral calls. I am—

BETTY. Yes, I know who you are. "I'm the new minister," you was a going to say, wasn't you?

BOBBY. (Entering.) 'Twas my turn to answer the doorbell, Betty Forrest. 'Taint fair! You just camp out in the hall to get ahead of me! You got the book agent, and the Mission Lady, and now you've got the minister. Course you'll beat!

REV. J. J. Beat?

BETTY. You can tell him, Bobby, while I go ask Mamma if she's in. Sometimes she's in when she isn't, and sometimes she isn't when she is, and the only way to be sure you won't get a whipping for telling it the wrong way, is to go ask her. She's in her room, I know, but maybe she isn't in. You tell him 'bout the new game, Bobby. (She runs out.)

BOBBY. It's what we call the Caller's game. Betty made it up. Betty's awful smart to think of new things. You see, Thursday afternoon is Christine's day out. Say, aint it funny to call an afternoon a day? And Mamma don't

like to answer the bell herself, 'cause then she couldn't be out if she didn't want to see the one that rung it, so she made me and Betty do it, 'n course we hated to be bothered—you know callers are such a nuisance when you're busy playing, and Betty shirked and made me do it most all. So Daddy said if she didn't do her share, he'd bring home candy, and give it all to me, 'n then Betty she made up this game. We've each got a little book, and we put down which caller we answer the bell to and get a piece of candy for each caller, and if there's more candy than there is callers, we get two pieces for each one, and now Betty likes to answer it, and she gets the most candy every time.

BETTY. (Returning.) That's 'cause I'm smartest, Daddy says. He says, "Trust a woman to get the best of a man every time, be they ever so young."

REV. J. J. And what did Mamma say?

BETTY. She said, "Mercy me! The minister? I suppose I shall have to go down, or your Father won't like it. What are ministers made for?

REV. J. J. I think I must go. Tell your mother I was sorry not to meet her.

BETTY. But you got to see her. She'll be down soon as she puts on her hair and squeezes her feet into her new tango slippers.

BOBBY. Pa says it's foolish to try to put a number two shoe on a number four foot.

REV. J. J. (Rising.) I think I must go now.

BETTY. If you do, she'll spank me good, for letting you, after she said she was in. She told me to entertain you nicely till she came down.

BOBBY. I'll entertain him. Men like men. Do you play poker?

REV. J. J. Why no, do you?

BOBBY. No, I aint learned how yet, but I thought you might teach me. This cunning little table is a card table, and the cards are in this little drawer. (Takes them out.) And these pretty round things are the chips.

BETTY. They look more like Tiddledy Winks. They use 'em 'stead of money, 'cause Mamma won't let 'em play for money. That's gambling.

BOBBY. They pay the money down town, next day. I know, 'cause I was with Daddy when he did, and he gave me a quarter not to tell Mamma. 'Sides, Mamma plays Bridge and that's just as bad, Daddy says.

REV. J. J. Would they like you to tell me this?

BETTY. P'raps not, but you won't tell, will you? It's right to tell the minister bad things, 'cause he'll forgive you if you pay him something, and you can do it over again. That's the way Christine does. She's a Catholic. Are you?

REV. J. J. No indeed, my dear.

BOBBY. (Who has gone out, re-enters with a bottle and glass.) Have some wine? Daddy always entertains his way. It's a fine flavor. I drank a bit from the bottom of a glass once, and 'twas awful good, but Mamma was mad about it.

REV. J. J. Put it back, my boy. I never drink. Ministers never do.

BETTY. My, how thirsty you must get! What do you do when you've been eating salt fish?

REV. J. J. I don't care for salt fish.

BOBBY. Neither do we, but we eat a lot of it when we're saving up for a party.

BETTY. Can you dance the tango?

REV. J. J. No, I don't dance.

BETTY. That's too bad. Let me show you how. It's just as easy! Come on. (Tries to drag him up.)

Rev. J. J. No, I don't care to dance.

Betty. I won't call you awkward, really. You do it so, you know, (illustrates) but dancing's no fun alone, you know. You need a girl to hug. If you learn with me you can do it with the big lady girls, the ones that you like best, you know.

Bobby. He don't dance with 'em, he plays tag.

Rev. J. J. Oh no, my boy.

Bobby. Mamma said so. Daddy said that all the girls were chasing you, and Mamma said she guessed that you could do your share of the chasing, all right.

Betty. I know what you like—fast horses, don't you?

Rev. J. J. Well, I have a horse, of course—

Betty. Yes, a real spanker! And a narrow buggy to take the girls to ride. Say, do you hold 'em in, when you go over the "thank you marms" and take toll? Daddy said he bet you did. He always used to. He calls it taking toll when he makes me pay him for candy with kisses. I s'pose the girls would be afraid to say no to a minister, but sometimes I say no to Daddy, just to tease him, and he calls me a little flirt, and takes 'em just the same.

Rev. J. J. Indeed. How old are you, little girl?

Betty. I'm eight, 'n so's Bobby. We're twins, but I'm the smartest and the prettiest. Daddy says so. Mamma's great for bargains, when she's shopping, 'n when she bought me, Bobby was throwed in. She didn't need a boy, at all, but 'twas a bargain, you know. She bought a five dollar waist yesterday for four dollars and ninety-five cents. Can you play the piano?

Rev. J. J. No, can you?

Betty. I can play the scale, and "Tell Aunt Rhody," and when I 'm as big as you, I shall play all the notes. You can't do much, can you? Is that why you're a minister?

BOBBY. No, it's 'cause it's an easy way to earn your living. Daddy said so. Just stand up in a pulpit and scold the people when they dassn't talk back, and have some men pass round plates to get money for you. They don't dare not to 'cause folks is looking. Once Daddy put in a five dollar gold piece by mistake, and he sweared about it when he got home.

BETTY. Yes, and last Sunday I put in my chewing gum by mistake and he spanked me 'cause I sweared about it when I got home. He said "Darn!" was naughty for a girl to say. Why is it?

REV. J. J. Because—

BETTY. Oh, I didn't 'spect you to tell me. I don't like to be preached at. Have you got any s'criptions with you?

REV. J. J. Prescriptions? I'm not a druggist, nor a physician.

BOBBY. Sub ones, she means. Mamma don't like 'em. She hates begging ministers. She always signs, you know, 'cause she must, but she can't afford to give away a whole dollar, or even half a one, 'cause her clothes are awful 'spensive, and the dressmaker bothers her awfully with bills. Oh, wouldn't you like a cigar? (Takes a cigar case from a stand and passes it.)

REV. J. J. No indeed. I never smoke, and I hope you never will.

BOBBY. Oh yes I will. It's lots nicer than chewing. Just you try. Or are you 'fraid it will make you sick? It did me, when I tried it, but I'm going to try a cigarette next time. Taint so strong. P'raps you better.

BETTY. You better not. Maybe your Mamma wouldn't like it. Mamma spanked Bobby.

REV. J. J My dear boy, I sincerely hope—

BOBBY. Mamma's coming.

BETTY. We've entertained you good, haven't we? We

haven't told anything we ought to not, have we? 'Cause if we have, we'll get spanked and sent to bed, when you're gone.

BOBBY. If we have, don't you tell. Be a good sport, and don't tattle. Here comes Mamma.

BETTY. And she's got her new dress on. We've entertained him, Mamma!

(Minister raises, as lady enters room, hand outstretched.)

CURTAIN

A New Tickler for your Funny Bone

"CUPID AND THE CHORISTER"

—or—

"Herr Lover's Dilemma"

A Musical Entertainment In One Act

Libretto by H. Mac DONALD BARR Music by CARL F. PRICE

The most interesting, mirth-provoking entertainment which we have been privileged to see or hear in recent years.

It goes right to your funny bone with a new kind of tickle.

It provides a whole evening of the finest fun without for an instant suggesting the vulgar or commonplace. There is a laugh in every line of the libretto and a lilt to every brace of music which makes it irresistible. The spell cannot be broken by the fall of the curtain for the oft repeated strains of "Love is the way to spell Living" are sure to echo and re-echo long after the entertainment is over.

This entertainment is easily within the ability of the ordinary church choir with augmented chorus. Special costumes are needed by only three or four characters, the chorus being in ordinary dress. No elaborate stage setting is necessary, a neat platform with an adjoining room, or with a door, being the only requisites for its presentation. A piano should be on the platform.

CAST

Professor Herr Lover, A little Anxious	*Tenor*	Ledgoline Topsee, A little High	*Soprano*
Xerxes Strong, A little Weak	*Bass*	Gracie Note, A little Light	*Soprano*
F. Sharp, A little Blunt	*Baritone*	Addaline Crescendo, A little Swell	*Alto*
Fillup Pipes, A little Big	*Baritone*	Miss Keys, A little Inattentive	*Pianist*
A. Dagio, A little Slow	*Bass*	Jim, The Janitor, A little Noisy	
Prophundo Basso, A little Deep	*Bass*	CHORUS	

THE STORY

Professor Herr Lover has written a cantata, the rehearsal of which he is to conduct. He has proposed marriage to the leading soprano, Ledgoline Topsee, but she is afraid he lacks the quality of patience, and plans, with the aid of her friends who compose the cast, to utilize the rehearsal to test him in that respect. After tolerating a series of aggravating interruptions and delays on the part of the singers, he at last gives away to a burst of angry passion, only to discover what he has lost by so doing. By a clever surrender, however, he turns defeat into victory, and the affair ends happily.

This play given by your *Church Choir, Young People's Society* or *Ladies' Aid* will prove a financial success beyond your fondest dream. *Someone* will give this in your vicinity. Why not be the first and reap the benefit for *your* church or Society?

The price is 75 cents per copy with a small license fee for privilege of public performance for profit, but we have a special proposition to offer for its first appearance in each city or town. If interested, write for particulars with prospectus.

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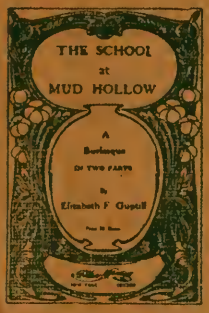
NEW PLA

By Elizabeth F. Gupt



The School at Mud Hollow. A burles 19 Females. Time about 2 hours. Price 3 PART I. In which is portrayed the difficu lla Pinkham, who has come to "Mud Hollow" to assume the responsible duties of "Teacher" in the school. In selecting "Mud Hollow" she seeks a change from the city life she is accustomed to, and finds plenty of it in the manners, customs and dialect of the pupils. From start to finish there is nothing but fun.

PART II. Which represents the last day at the school, when the proud parents are present to listen to the final examination of the class by the Supervisor and enjoy the program which is rendered by the pupils. Part II. offers an opportunity for about 60 minutes of the finest fun possible.

"The School at Mud Hollow" may be given in one evening, but for those who would prefer to make two evenings of it, or to give only one part, we offer the same work announced below under the title of *"The New Teacher at Mud Hollow School"* and *"The Last Day at Mud Hollow School"* either of which can be given as a complete entertainment without regard to the other one.

The New Teacher at Mud Hollow School. Being Part I. of THE SCHOOL AT MUD HOLLOW. 6 Males and 14 Females. Time about 1 hour. Price 25 cents.

The Last Day at Mud Hollow School. Being Part II. of THE SCHOOL AT MUD HOLLOW. 8 Males and 19 Females. Time about 1 hour. Price 25 cents.

Santa's Rescue

Two mysterious pieces of paper fall into the hands of the children, one being found by the BOYS and one by the GIRLS. The meaning of the inscription on each remains a mystery until it is discerned that by placing the papers together they have the message that the "Old Witch" of the North has captured "Santa" and holds him in an ice prison at the North Pole. Of course there could be no "Merry Christmas" without their "patron saint", so guided by the "Fairy Godmother" they start for the North Pole to rescue him. The "Old Witch" endeavors to block the rescuers' way by the assistanee of "Old Zero" and the "Snow Fairies" but when they learn that the snow drifts they are piling up are to aid in keeping "Santa" from his usual Christmas activities they get the "Sunbeam Fairies" to come to their aid and melt the snow, while they bind with a frozen cord the "Old Witch," who is found indulging in a nap which she takes only once every hundred years. With the "Old Witch" powerless and in their control the Rescue of Santa is an easy matter. Tho' belated somewhat by his enforced stay at the North Pole, the children are glad to become his "aides" in spreading a "Merry Christmas" through all the world. This is a very clever plot, well worked out, and will make a decided hit for the Christmas season. 4 Boys and 5 Girls with any number of Fairies. Time about 1 hour. Price 25 cents.

FARCES

Taking the Census. Mr. Cole, the Census Taker, has a funny experience in an attempt to gather the facts required by the government from Mrs. Almira Johnson, a "cullud lady," and her young son Alexander. Three characters only. Time about 10 minutes. Price 10 cents.

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The Twins and How They Entertained the New Minister. They have a delightful time telling family secrets to the "New Minister," who has called for the first time. They explain the necessity of seeing their mother to find out from her if she is "In," for so often she is "Out" when she is "In" and "In" when she is "Out." 2 Males and 1 Female. Time about 15 minutes. Price 10 cents.

NO ENTERTAINMENTS SENT "ON EXAMINATION"